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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.



A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. II. No. 23.

AUGUST, 1895

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Offices of "THE MINIM," 84 Newgate Street, London, E.C.
AND OF MUSIC-SELLERS.



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The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

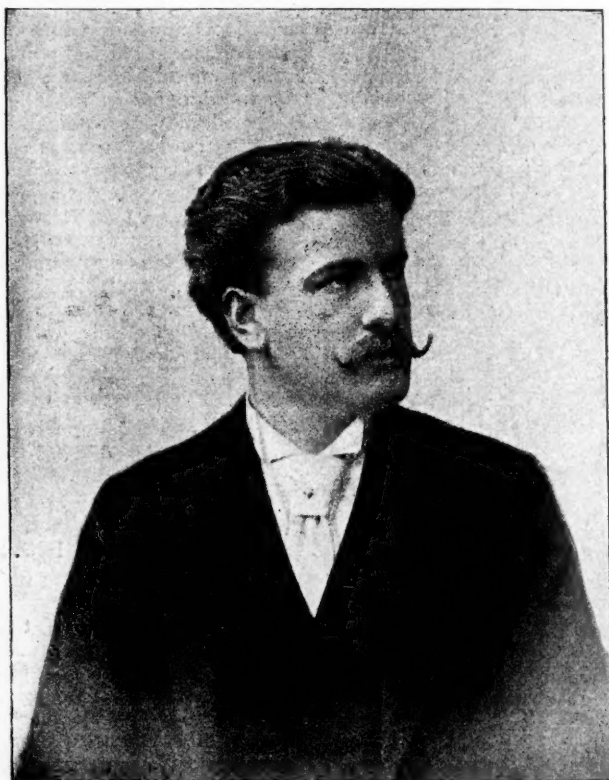
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

Vol. II. No. 23.

AUGUST, 1895.

Price, One Penny.
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HERR MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

From a Photograph by E. BIEBER, Berlin.

HERR MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

This *virtuoso of virtuosos*—this prince of pianists has come and conquered all artistic and musical London. Of course all not utter Philistines knew him well by reputation long previously; but he had been actually heard by few, so although his advent was not hailed by any special flourish of trumpets, it was not surprising that a large audience of connoisseurs attended his opening recital at St. James's Hall, since which his fame has gone abroad in the land.

The English musical public outside the critics and musicians is a cautious animal, and will not spend its money upon trust, but we can venture to predict that Herr Rosenthal's next visit will prove a triumph, for although he does not cultivate long hair, and is neither pensively interesting nor madly eccentric, he is an artist of such extraordinary powers that even the British *bourgeois* must be roused in time.

Herr Rosenthal was born at Lemberg on the 18th December, 1862, and began his musical studies almost as soon as he learned to walk. In his tenth year he and his then master, Mikuli, played in public Chopin's Rondo for two pianofortes, and in his 14th year he gave a very successful concert at Vienna, still remembered by many then present, after he had studied under Rafael Joseffy for about a year. For five years consecutively the young prodigy visited Weimar in the summer for study with Liszt, who also took him under his sheltering wing at Rome in 1878. As a mere boy he was appointed pianist to the Roumanian Court; but with the exception of concerts at Bucharest and Belgrade, he practically

remained in retirement in Vienna until 1882, studying not only the pianoforte eagerly, but also general literature, passing in due time his "maturity" examination at the "State Gymnasium."

From the time of his reappearance on the concert platform to the present date, his career has been an unbroken triumph, not only in Germany and Austria, but in America and other countries he has visited. This is not to be wondered at, for not only has Herr Rosenthal executive ability of the most marvellous, not to say miraculous, type, but also those qualities of heart, brain, and soul, which are indispensable for the true artist, and those listeners who come to wonder remain to admire.

Like all truly great men Herr Rosenthal has enemies, as any one possessing force of character, independence of will, and who is not a mere money-grubber almost necessarily has; but these unfriendly critics find in Rosenthal a tough customer. Possessed of wide reading and a ready wit, he wields a trenchant pen, as at least one critic in Germany acknowledges to his sorrow. Encounters of this kind, are, however, of a different kind to those of the cabals which have come to light there, one of which being discovered led to the dismissal of a well-known critic from his position on the "Berliner Tagblatt."

When he next comes to England he may be assured that not only will he meet with a fair field and no favour from those who know him not, but a full meed of appreciative welcome from those who do.

J. W.

— * * * * *

CARL CZERNY ON EXTEMPORANEOUS PLAYING.

(FROM THE "GREAT PIANOFORTE SCHOOL," 1839).

By extemporising we are to understand that the performer, on the impulse of the moment, without preparation and often, too, without reflection, plays something which, if we may say so, comes spontaneously under the fingers, and which nevertheless possesses to a certain degree all the properties of a written composition, and in which, consequently, melodies and brilliant passages alternate in a tasteful or elaborate manner. To arrive at this highly interesting and honourable art the player must, prior to anything else, possess the following qualities: first, great volubility of finger and mastery over the keys of the instrument in *all the twenty-four keys*; secondly, an extensive musical

reading and knowledge of the works of all the great composers; thirdly, a good musical memory and presence of mind; fourthly, a thorough *practical* knowledge of harmony; fifthly, a natural disposition for musical improvisation or extemporising. It is clear that even the most decided natural talent for this art is useless if we have to struggle against helpless and unpractised fingers, and if at each moment we have to fear that a key will offer itself with which we are not practically and perfectly acquainted. For this reason a real virtuoso will always be able to extemporise, at least to a certain degree, even though he may not possess any decided talent for the art. As with men of



learning in regard to books, so must the musician possess a great knowledge of the works of all the good composers; for the mass of foreign ideas, melodies and passages which by this means imprint themselves on his memory, will at last become in a measure his own, and the player will only have to accustom himself to the regular forms and the systematic concatenation of ideas which must also be observed in extemporaneous playing. It is not only allowed, but it is even considered as an ornament and an additional charm in extemporising when the player at the proper moment interweaves foreign ideas and melodies, and develops them in any manner which is usual in music. For this purpose he must choose such known melodies as enjoy the favour of the public.

Motivos and songs from favourite operas, national airs (particularly those of an elevated cast), and in general all agreeable and melodious themes are particularly to be recommended. The player must, therefore, commit to memory a great number of such motivos in order to employ them at will, and that he may never be thrown into embarrassment by a want of ideas. For an incessant wandering through mere rapid passages and runs is not extemporising. There are so many fantasias and potpourris on operatic subjects published that the player will readily find sufficient models to form and enrich his talent. There are players who, without a sufficient knowledge of harmony, are enabled, nevertheless, in extemporising to invent very correct progressions of harmony and interesting chords, and who but seldom commit any striking error in this respect. This is always a proof of a considerable musical talent, but to such a disposition for music the study of harmony is so much the more to be recommended; that the player may be enabled to account for his productions, that he may attain that kind of foresight, which here also, if we may so speak, depends on that perfect consciousness; and that he may learn to make use of the aid which harmony affords, without which all music in the long run appears empty and devoid of meaning.

But this knowledge of harmony must, by long exercise on practical examples, be transferred from the head to the fingers, before it can be of service; for so long as the player is compelled to *think* of the harmony he will never extemporise well, but will produce mere dry and formal matter, because the free movements of the imagination, which are so essential to extemporaneous performances, will be fettered and impeded by this necessity. We have already said that natural talent was an indispensable condition in extemporaneous performances, and, in fact, where this is altogether deficient, nothing strikingly advantageous can be expected in this partly imaginative art. But for the comfort of pianists we shall here

give it our firm conviction that this talent is not so rare as might be imagined from the real scarcity of good extemporaneous players. It is alas! however, but too seldom awakened and cultivated. To this end, together with the personal endeavours of the pupil, the teacher may assist much if he will try to guide him onwards in the following manner:—As soon as the pupil has so far overcome the mechanical difficulties of playing that he may be ranked among the class of practised and ready players, and that consequently he is able to execute with propriety and facility a great many good compositions, the teacher should occasionally require him to extemporise something, whether it be merely chords and passages or a melody with a simple accompaniment. At first this will materially appear very imperfect, but while the pupil plays and tries to invent, the teacher should cheer him up and remind him of a few easy known passages and runs, or of a few plain chords, or bring to his assistance some short melody, in doing which, however, all modulations into other keys must at first be avoided. Faults as to harmony should only be pointed out when they are very glaring. When these attempts, which should be made several times in each week, have been continued for a long time, so that the pupil is able to produce something tolerably well connected without effort or stumbling; then the forms may be extended—he may endeavour to employ such chords and modulations as he recollects to have met with in the works of others, or such as he may find in any respectable treatise on harmony; in doing which melody and passages of mere execution must constantly alternate; and now the teacher may draw his attention with greater strictness to any incorrectness as to harmony. The pupil may, without hesitation, interweave in these experimental attempts any melodies or brilliant passages which he may chance to recollect from the compositions of others. To all this much time and unwearied attention is absolutely necessary. As soon as the pupil is sufficiently exercised in all this, the rules must be gradually explained to him, according to which a thema given to him or selected by himself may be treated, developed, and employed, according to the various musical forms which are applicable to extemporaneous playing.

All this requires the study of years, and much labour; but for this trouble we shall be amply recompensed by the acquirement of an art which is so much the more honourable and distinguished as it is so seldom to be met with. We are enabled by it to both surprise and delight our audience, without requiring the aid of strange and studied compositions. But in truth we must by years of solitary practice have attained great readiness and skill at extemporising before we dare venture to perform in this way before the public.

HOW TO CHOOSE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

II.—THE ORGAN, HARMONIUM, AND AMERICAN ORGAN.

The organ proper, that is to say, the pipe organ, being usually built to order to suit the *locale* in which it is to be placed, the hints which I am about to give must necessarily apply primarily and chiefly to the purchase of second-hand organs. At the same time the tests suggested may be found useful in examining or "passing" new organs.

The sound-board being the very heart of the instrument, containing the various contrivances for the apportionment and distribution of the wind among the pipes—or reeds, as in American organs—it is naturally the part which needs the strictest survey. It is difficult to suggest in the limits of a short article complete tests suited to the special conditions of any particular case such as would at once occur to an expert, but the two greatest faults in organs, "Running" and "Robbing," must always be searched for, and the bellows' capacity tested.

"ROBBING."—1. Draw the principal (say on lowest D on the manual) and add successively all the 8ft. and 16ft. stops on the same row of keys. See if the pitch *flattens*, if so note the same as a "Robbing." 2. Now draw all the stops (on the row of keys being tried) and suddenly push off all except the Principal and Fifteenth. Note if the pitch *sharpens*. Supposing that these defects (flattening and sharpening) exist, and that a slight deepening of the touch does not remove them (though this is not recommended), the organ will never be satisfactory, tuning with any degree of accuracy being impossible, as the pallets are too small—or the bars too shallow.

"RUNNING."—Next draw the Gamba (or Fifteenth if no Gamba) and play slowly *major* thirds in *every* note (C-E, D flat F, D-F sharp, &c.). Then play *major* thirds and fifths in the same way (C-E-G, D flat-F-A flat, &c.). If some of these chords have a different effect, suggesting the blending of notes other than those pressed down, there are "runnings," that is, the wind runs into pipes not intended to sound. It now remains to find where these "runnings" are. Try the defective combinations of notes in some other stop (say the principal). If they exist there too, the chest is *radically defective*, but if "runnings" exist only in one stop or in *different* places in different stops, it is a comparatively trifling defect which I shall call "runnings" of the *second order* as distinguished from the first. These latter can be easily remedied by re-levelling the coverboards and deepening the *scoring*.

Test applied at the chest itself.

"BLEEDINGS."—Get some one to run his fingers slowly over all the keys, all stops being pushed

in and the wind kept on. If every now and then a slight hiss is audible, the chest has been "bled" to conceal runnings of the *first* kind.

DRAW STOPS.—These must be perfectly silent in their working. When pushed home a smart shock must be felt, as also when pulled out to their full extent, and *they must not* admit of being forced in or dragged out beyond these limits *even though* they return to their proper position. Such "springing," as it is termed, is totally reprehensible.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.—See that these are of iron, also the "fans" which act upon the stops (except in very small work).

BELLOWS.—1. Find how many seconds it takes to fill them up, blowing *steadily*, but without interruption. 2. Try how many seconds the bellows will continue to supply a very full chord on full organ (with pedals and all couplers) without replenishing. If the number of seconds in trial 2 are half of those in trial 1 the bellows is fairly sufficient for its work. From these directions it will be easy to judge the capacity of a bellows legitimately blown.

Examine also in respect of the following:—

1. That the angle described by the ribs when *full* open is not greater than 75 deg., or, roughly speaking, that it is much less than square (90 deg.). 2. That the feeders (small bellows directly moved by the handle) open full (no restriction here to angle—generally 90 deg.), are not "hinge bound" and do not creak or make a pumping noise audible outside the case.

SYMPATHY.—Lastly, see if any stop separately in tune sounds out of tune when drawn *with* another, if so there is "sympathy." Gambas, harmonic flutes and clarabellas need most to be tried in this way.

Harmoniums and American organs require exactly the same caution in purchase as pianos. "Garret makers" plant their wretched productions with confederates, who advertise them for sale, as was fully explained in last month's issue. Indeed, the whole article upon choosing a piano is equally applicable to the reed organs of various kinds.

With the instruments of Alexandre, Christophe & Etienne, Bell, Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and Gilbert Bauer, there is no fear of disappointment, but there are also makers who produce lines cheap yet effective and good; among these the names of Hillier and Trayser, occur to me—without prejudice to the claims of many other excellent makers of the same class of instrument.

J. W. H.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MUSICAL.

The first four words of the above heading suggest a theme on which prize essays by the dozen could be written, all probably containing some gloriously Utopian idea which if thoroughly followed out would (in the originator's own opinion, at any rate) show the *only* way of securing that something which most of us yearn for and few obtain.

The addition of the two last words, however, changes the character of the whole thing and makes the affair as simple as possible, at least one *thinks* so until the terrible necessity arises of making decent brick out of such miry clay.

At first blush the thought occurs—"Why, of course, a musical person is almost bound to be happy; the divine art is always just round the corner as it were; when mundane matters muchly monopolise mind and mouth it's so easy to say, 'Begone, dull care,' etc., etc., and commence to 'court the lovely maid,' and so on."

So it is, but the "lovely maid" is a somewhat capricious and wayward beauty; the more intimate the acquaintance the more difficult she is to please. Truly she may be only just round the corner, but she takes jolly good care to stop there until in "melting mood."

At the outset, therefore, we get face to face with the fact that being musical does not by any means ensure happiness, and this brick-making business is much less attractive than it seemed at first.

Well, what is the next line to take? As these words are being penned the familiar though humble tin-whistle resounds in the distance. The youthful artist who manipulates it with remarkable skill and dexterity is accompanied by a score or so of lads, who march along with military precision and discipline. They are undoubtedly enjoying the sensation, their interest is absorbed in what they are doing; they may well be described as "happy" for the time, but are they musical? Decidedly so, in one sense, but hardly so from the symphony-concert-goer's point of view. The matter has become one of degree, and goodness knows how it will end now! (This brick-making is becoming a nuisance.)

Not two hundred yards away lives a friend who really is and is acknowledged to be a first-class musician, but whether he is a "happy" man also is a question for grave consideration.

Judging from the wild ferocity of his eye and powerful rhetoric of his tongue on a recent occasion

when the elections were on, and a brass band, hired perhaps by the—well, no matter which—member, insisted on marching up and down outside his residence, playing vilely out of tune, and whose repertoire consisted of two jumpy, ineffective quickstep marches between which was sandwiched Ewing's well-known tune to "Jerusalem the Golden"—I repeat, judging from the aforesaid ferocity and above-described rhetoric, that worthy and talented sufferer was decidedly *not* happy! (Ha! that brick seems to fill up a hole, anyway!)

"But," says some one looking over my shoulder, "I thought you were endeavouring to point out the royal road for weary travellers who are anxious to learn 'How to be happy though musical?'" "Well, er—yes; I did set out with that laudable intention, but as with many other so-called royal roads the entrance is so obscured as to be practically invisible."

In point of fact there is not, cannot be, any royal road. It is a matter of self-control and self-denial to a very large extent.

The children of the alleys can and do enjoy the reels rattled off on a tinny-toned, expressionless piano-organ with the same zest and thoroughness as the highly-educated and refined Paderewski-Rosenthal admirers enjoy their feast of musical good things, although what is caviare to one is castor-oil to the other. The true spirit of music, divine afflatus, subtle something—call it what you will—belongs alike to peer and ploughboy, society queen and seamstress, and will always be a source of pleasure and happiness to its possessor, whether he or she be "full of soul or bare of sole," as some great writer puts it.

To sum up: Don't consider this question of being musically happy, or happily musical, *too* much through your own spectacles. Remember the old proverb: "What's one man's meat is another man's poison," and that there *must* be something worthy of admiration and respect in—



or else it *never* would be played sixteen or eighteen times consecutively on that exasperating piano-organ now grinding away outside! (That's the last brick!)

A. R.

— * * * * *

EFFORT is the fire; success is the warmth that comes from it.

DEFEAT is the poultice that draws endeavour to the surface.

A SWEET SINGER.

A CHAT WITH MISS MACINTYRE.

It was with a sigh of resignation that Miss Macintyre acceded to my request, while in Milan recently, for a few words about her trip to South Africa, says a contributor to "St. Paul's." "I hate interviews," she said candidly; "they always look so egotistical—nothing but I, I, I."

"But you have had an unusual experience for a professional singer, Miss Macintyre. You have been so far out of the beaten track in the service of your art; and we all want to know how you got on. Could you stir the devotees of diamond and gold mines and chartered companies to appreciation of music?"

"Yes, indeed, I did—that is, if crowded halls and generous applause may be taken as evidence of that."

"Did you find any particular style of music more popular than another?"

"It is difficult to say. I tried as far as I could to suit different tastes by giving selections from old Italian opera, such as 'Casta Diva' and 'Bel

Raggio,' as well as from more modern works like Gounod's and Wagner's; and, of course, modern songs of all sorts. The audiences appeared pleased with them all. You see, many different nations are represented in South Africa, and that, no doubt, accounts for a wide range of taste. All ballads and songs of a national character seemed to give delight everywhere. Patriotism and old associations stir men more when far away than when at home. They are more deeply moved by 'Home, Sweet Home' and 'Auld Robin Gray' in Cape Town or Kimberley than at St. James's Hall. I was at Johannesburg on July 4th, and at the request of the Americans there I sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"Yes—and brought down the house?"

"The Americans certainly seemed enthusiastically patriotic," Miss Macintyre answered with a smile—afraid, evidently, of the obtrusive first-personal pronoun.



NERVE ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING.

Dr. M'Tavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a boy to assist in the surgery, who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and, when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner:

"Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and, while you are here, you might as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and receive a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mass into the skull, the doctor would make his voice appear to proceed

from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out, "Br-r-r-h-uh, that's hot!"

This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable help-mate, until a small boy came and was given the gruel and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say, "Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr, that's hot!"

Shovelling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull, and impatiently retorted, "Weel, jist blaw on't, ye auld bony!"

The doctor sat down and fairly roared, but he engaged him on the spot.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.



THERE are two things to be dreaded—the envy of friends and the hatred of enemies.

MORAL EXCELLENCE.—All moral excellence thrives in an atmosphere of appreciation. Many a man has won a victory over fierce temptation simply by the consciousness that some one has faith in him and believes that he will conquer. Many a one also has been driven into desperate iniquity by the

thought that there is not one left who cherishes any hope for his future.



PATIENCE is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience accompanies her.

Handel's Minuet for the Overture to the "Messiah."

Andante con moto.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' The score includes various dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *dim.* (diminuendo), *f* (forte), *cal. e dim.* (crescendo and diminuendo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *rall.* (rallentando). There are also trill ornaments marked with a '3' and a trill symbol. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

We believe this interesting movement has never been published with the other portion of the Overture; Handel intended it to conclude the Overture when the Oratorio was not to follow. The arrangement is by the late Mr. T. E. Jones, Organist of Canterbury Cathedral, and we are indebted to Mr. J. A. Matthews, of Cheltenham, for this copy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW PIANOFORTE SYSTEMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—In Dr. Warriner's interesting article on New Pianoforte Systems in your July issue, he says, "what is to prevent the opposite and equally great fault of failing to bring the *next* finger down while the first is going up excepting the watchfulness of the teacher?"

Surely it is self-evident that the irregular clicks caused by the inevitable raising of the held-down fingers either through continuing the scale in the same or opposite direction will be the pupil's guide. Unless the depressed fingers are raised sooner or later it is manifest that the exercise cannot be continued.

Example: In a five-finger exercise, C to G, if the four fingers of the right hand are held on the keys, on attempting to play F on the down journey the third finger (English fingering) will have to be raised and depressed, causing two clicks instead of one for one note struck. The only possible way in which the Virgil Clavier would fail to discover a wrong method would be in the event of two or more fingers being held down and raised *simultaneously* with the depression of the next finger. This, however, would never occur unless purposely done by the pupil.

As regards the other part of Dr. Warriner's question—"How can practice on a dumb piano train the ear?"—I regard that as the strongest point

of the Clavier, for on this or similar instruments, when intelligently studying a strange piece, one is obliged to exercise the mental powers in order to arrive at a just idea of the tonal effect, which exercise is not compulsory when practising on an ordinary piano. In conclusion, I may say that I speak from experience, having learnt many pieces on a silent piano (*not* the Virgil Clavier) all of which I remember more accurately than those learnt in the ordinary way.

CHARLES OSBORNE, L.R.A.M., &c.

55 Beresford Road,
Highbury New Park, N.

July 8th, 1895.

[By the courtesy of the Editor I am enabled to reply to Mr. Osborne's critique of my criticism in the current number, for which I thank him. Mr. Osborne has, however, somewhat misunderstood my meaning in the first paragraph he quotes, no doubt owing to my own incompleteness of expression. I did not here refer to the bad habit of "overlapping"—I admit that this vice may be cured by Mr. Virgil's invention. But I thought—and still think—that the "Practice Clavier" in itself cannot induce good finger action, or cure that particularly bad style, known as "playing from the arm," when the hand is lifted "bodily" up while the fingers scarcely lift at all, so characteristic of the badly-taught student.—J. W.]

— * * * * *

DANCING IN CHURCH.

A singular and attractive relic of the custom of dancing in churches is still practised three times a year in the great Cathedral of Seville—namely, on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and of Corpus Christi, and on the last three days of the Carnival.

Ten choristers, dressed in the costume of pages of the time of Philip III, with plumed hats, dance a stately but graceful measure, for about half an hour, within the iron screens in front of the high altar.

They are dressed in blue and white for the Blessed Virgin, and in red and white for Corpus Christi.

The boys accompany the minuet-like movements with the clinking of castanets.

During the measure, a hymn arranged for three voices, with orchestral accompaniment, is sung in honour of the Blessed Sacrament.—*Curious Church Customs.*

— * * * * *

WHO is there that can afford to compare what he has done with what it was once his ambition and his hope to do? Grey hairs bring with them little wisdom if they do not bring this sense of humiliation.

GEORGE III was instructed in elocution by the celebrated Quin, who afterwards obtained a pension for his services, and on the occasion of his Majesty's first speech from the throne, he cried out: "Ay, I taught the boy to speak!"

Our next number will contain, in addition to the usual features, a Portrait and Biography of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Result of the August Competition, a specially-written short story of musical life by a well-known writer, and articles on "Uncommon Chords" and "Comic Songs," etc., etc. This issue concludes a volume, and an index to the last year's contents will be added for the convenience of those readers who bind the numbers.



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"DON'T put all your eggs into one basket" is very good advice. We are also enjoined to "put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man," a policy equally wise, carried out equally rarely. These two mottos for the month are suggested by communications received from several of our readers who have been swindled by irresponsible purveyors of garret-made, parlour-sold pianos, purchased at double their actual value (if indeed a musical instrument can be said to have any value which obstinately refuses to make music, and is only to be regarded as a drawing-room monument to folly) by over-clever people who hunt after "bargains." If you can trust any one, surely it is better to trust a local dealer in instruments, who has lived in your midst for years, than a "Mr. A., of Church Terrace, Islington," or a "Mrs. B., of Clapham Junction," who have been so long in such a chronically distressed state. Even now they can't dispose of their magnificent upright grand at a "terrible sacrifice!" We wonder how many "upright grands" have been disposed of in this way that no respectable instrument dealer would allow in his shop! Not the least alluring part of the advertisement to the bargain-hunting amateur is the phrase, "suitable for a professional!" as if a "professional" would dream of purchasing a pianoforte from a stranger in so-called "private apartments!" Truly the ways of men are many!

— * * * * *

We must not let go manifest truths because we cannot answer all questions about them.

SOME temptations come to the industrious; but all temptations attack the idle.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY W. H. HOLMES.

Poor patient music masters, at this season of the year, are wont to sniff the sea air, trying to forget the "pupses," "Thumb upon G," etc., etc. I heard of a professor who took apartments in a quiet, rural spot, concluding that he might there be away from all the "pomp and vanity of this wicked world," in the shape of polkas, galops, and all such-like little abominations. He arrived at his new lodgings in the evening, and slept soundly until he dreamed a dream. He heard a pianoforte, and fancied one of his pupils was running after him. Gradually waking, he did indeed hear a pianoforte writhing under the agony of a touch that shivered and shook, and stammered under the influence of a fond parent, who whacked his son in the parental fashion in "which he should go"—but go he did not, even with the fond parent's counting "a one, and a two, and a three, and a one, and a two, and a three, and a —." This was too much for the poor persecuted professor; he left the apartments. It is to be hoped he did not run into the arms of a brass band, for they really haunt professors' houses, and without really wishing to be uncharitable the only way a musical professor can hope to get rid of the "brass" is (in summer time) to open the windows, and try to play them down with cross accent and slight syncopations. This often produces counter-irritation, and causes a mizzle or musical "skedaddle." The recipe is to take the upper part of the pianoforte and the lowest bass, leaving the brass band in the middle—a little after the manner of Rossini's style of instrumentation, only not quite so good.

Time waits for no man; and one's pupils will not wait for time. I remember my father singing a duet with a gentleman. It so happened that they had to sing from the same copy, and this professor disturbed my father's equanimity very much by marking the time of every note with his thumb. This gentleman, who was unrivalled in his style of singing, had a tenor voice of great sweetness, power, and flexibility; six feet high and "a leetle bit over," proportionately stout—always looking a picture of good health, yet as lackadaisical as an affected young lady; a great dandy; was very fond of good living; and an excellent cook. I went to dine with him one day, when he was attired in a

white cap and slippers, occasionally tasting the savoury viands, and telling me what a treat we had in store, occasionally indulging in a few *roulades*, to the edification of himself and his neighbours. I should mention that this redoubtable tenor lived in a very quiet locality—where there were no horses or vehicles passing. Tasted again—a few more flourishes, and then called to his son to take a teacup, and in "a humble" style—bring a pennyworth of mixed pickles, adding most persuasively, "Now be a good boy." The good boy went and returned, dangling the teacup in his fingers, and presented it to his worthy paternal, when lo and behold! the cup was minus the pickles, the good boy having dangled the cup and dangled the pickles out of it. The countenances of both father and son fell. The padre's assumed a wrathful aspect. The son therefore ran (or bolted), not wishing to receive a gentle kick which his progenitor aimed at him, and, in doing so, the slipper flew out of the door, and was carried away by a passing dog. The good boy returned presently, howling away, and was told to go upstairs to his practice. The moral to be gained from this circumstance is that (from a musical point of view) practice should not be considered a punishment; and in this instance the real well-wisher to his child considered that, in overlooking the practice, it was necessary to beat the time, to the great grief and consternation of the grandmother, who appealed to me to protect her grandson, causing me (having some respect for my sacred person) to expostulate, saying "that I might get the worst of it." Directly the father left the house, the young gentleman took up a *spit*, and giving his grandmother an old stick, commenced a sort of broadsword combat—his grandmother looking over her spectacles—and every time young hopeful gave her a thrust (stamping his foot in true dramatic style) she would say, "Ah! he's a bad boy," although she did not like any one else calling him so. And these are all, I believe, swept from the face of the earth—the last I heard of one of the parties was that he is a policeman, and teaches the pianoforte. I am afraid that coercion will not increase a love or taste for music, but would have the contrary effect. Of course, there must be a certain amount of labour to acquire any mechanical facility, but let it be a labour of love.

— * * * * *

A SCHOOLMASTER on being asked his name and occupation, replied, "My name is R. T., and I am *master* of this parish;" and being asked to explain how he was *master* of the parish? "I am," he

replied, "the *master* of the children; the children are *masters* of their *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and, consequently, I am the *master* of the whole parish."

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RESULT OF PRIZE COMPETITION No. 16.

The idea of a "Hidden Names" Competition seems to have been a peculiarly happy one, as we have received a large number of answers from our readers.

In determining the number of "names" we have taken as standards Mr. Baptie's "Musical Biography" and Mr. Cumming's "Biographical Dictionary," and, with one exception, every name on the appended list appears in one or other or both. The exception is Mr. Gregory Hast, a member of the well-known Meister Glee Singers' Quartet.

Several other names have been "unearthed" by various competitors, but we have been compelled to reject them for reasons given above.

One competitor most ingeniously claimed another name by remarking that "plank spanning a chasm = Bridge!" but although we fully appreciate the cleverness of the idea and the merits of the composer in question, it cannot be allowed to rank as a "Hidden Name" in the sense to which we referred.

The list of names is as follows, and are stated in the order in which they come in the paragraph:—

Riedt, F. W., 1710-1783.	Este, T., 1550-1625.
Bach, J. S., 1685-1750.	Stern, Julius, 1820-1883.
Sor, F., 1778-1839.	Mel, R. del, 1530-1600.
Spohr, L., 1784-1859.	King, C., 1687-1748.
Hele, Geo. de la, 1545-1586.	Gade, N. W., 1817-1890.
Ross, John, 1764-1837.	Aide, Hamilton, 1830.
Smart, H., 1813-1879.	Hast, G. (Meister Glee Singer).
Howe, Jas., about 1850.	Tallis, T., 1520-1585.
Rose, Mrs. H. R. (née Clara Samuel), 1857.	Weber, C. M. von, 1786-1826.
Pinsuti, C., 1829-1888.	Ould, Chas., 1835.
Armes, P., 1830.	Corder, F., 1852.
Such, E. C., 1840.	Hall, H., 1655-1707.
	Hallé, Sir Chas., 1819.

No competitor has given the entire list, but twenty-three names have been sent in by "Kentish," whose real name and address is—

Miss BONNY,

The Uplands,

Maidstone,

to whom a Cheque for One Guinea has been sent.

— * * * * *

NEW PIANOFORTE SYSTEMS.—No. 2.

Some time ago, as I said in my last article, I addressed certain enquiries to the "inventors" of alleged new systems of imparting technique, other than those with which I have already dealt. I informed them as courteously as I could that I should be glad of information with the object for which I desired it. Up to the present no reply has been received or my communication

acknowledged in one single case.

Our numerous readers can therefore conclude with us that in all probability these "systems" will not bear critical examination. To my wish for a particular test, the inventors did not like to say "Yes" and were afraid to say "No."

J. WARRINER, Mus. Doc.

— * * * * *

MAXIMS FOR MEAN MEN.—Yes, use that dirty envelope. When your friend receives the letter he is bound to think it was soiled by the postman.—Have a cigar case with a very complex fastening, over which you bungle and growl. This will generally draw a cigar from a friend who wants you to "light up and come on."—Never be such a fool as to have smaller change than half-a-sovereign about you when you have offered to share the hansom that is just going to set you down.—Always wait and be last to leave a railway carriage. It is safest, and you can take all the newspapers that are left, and may get an umbrella.—*Moonshine.*

To delay to do right is to decide to do wrong.

"SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US."—To every one of us there comes now and then moments of genuine self-revelation; when the clouds of egotism and perverse misrepresentation, through which we usually behold our own personality in a dignified halo, fade away before the piercing light of truer introspective analysis, forced suddenly upon us by some disillusioning incident or accident of the moment; and then, for one brief flash, we have the misery and agony of really seeing ourselves as others see us.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

I have just heard of the painfully sudden death of our well-known English violinist, Mr. J. T. Carrodus. He was professionally engaged only a few hours before his demise; he will be much missed at the musical festivals and other functions where he was such a familiar figure. For some time he had practically abandoned solo-playing in public, and was principally heard in connection with his position as an orchestral leader. His technique and intonation were excellent, and it was from no musical shortcomings that he did not occupy places and positions now filled by musicians of foreign extraction. Only recently the "freedom" of his native town, Keighley, in Yorkshire, was presented to him. Mr. Carrodus was 59.

Queen's Hall is to have, through the enterprise of Mr. Robert Newman, some promenade concerts during August. There will be a good orchestra, and I am sure Mr. Newman's patrons will be numerous, for there will be no other musical attraction worthy of the name to rival it. By that time the Strauss Orchestra will have left, and we shall have to choose between the Empire of India Exhibition, with its big wheel, the Crystal Palace, and Queen's Hall for music in the evenings.

My circumstances, proverbially not under control, cause me to remain in town, the first time for many years during August. I don't mean exactly that I am "stony broke," but that circumstances, not necessarily distressing, alter cases. My case is that I shall have about five millions of sympathising fellow-sufferers, which is surely enough to make any fellow happy. Nothing, however, is so attractive as that which you can't get; and, therefore, when seaside attractions seem specially alluring, I thus philosophise—"You are happier where you are; you are not annoyed by niggers, bands, and extortions; you haven't to keep on dressing and undressing all day long; or,

as it is otherwise put in 'Trilby,' in washing and then getting yourself dirty again; and what the eye doesn't see the mind does not grieve for in the average man"—all of which sentiments go to show, of course, that I, the philosopher, am *not* an average man, which is quite true, and is a very comforting doctrine.

It will interest many of my musical readers to learn that Jean Gerardy, the famous young violoncellist, has recently purchased from Messrs. Hart & Son, the well-known dealers and experts, a fine violoncello by Antonio Stradivari. We understand the instrument is a charming specimen and possesses an extraordinary tone, which my readers will have an opportunity of hearing when the gifted young artiste returns to this country.

Have any of you, I wonder, ever seen and heard the "Æolian" (at G. Whight's, Regent-street)? It seems to me very far ahead of all other musical machines, for you can get expression and tasteful effects out of it if you have any musical feeling. It is practically an American organ, which by an ingenious contrivance plays itself and leaves your hands free to adjust the stops, and to make *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, *rall.*, etc. You can put the music on the desk and render it how you like, without the trouble of playing it. I heard it play Bach's G minor Organ Fugue and a Liszt piece in a style which many professionals might envy. You should call and see it!

Tidings has reached me of the untimely death, at Margate, of Mr. Willie Hodge, the sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, at the age of 33. Mr. Hodge was an excellent performer and a favourite pupil of Sir John Stainer (who dedicated his popular cantata, "The Crucifixion," to the deceased musician). He will be much missed by many friends.

— * * * * *

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD'S MEMOIRS.

It was inevitable that Mr. John Hollingshead should one day publish his autobiography. He has, in fact, much to tell, and he puts a good deal of it into the two substantial volumes which he calls "My Lifetime" (Sampson Low & Co.). He was born, he says, at Hoxton, in September, 1827, and his first few pages are occupied with a graphic description of the metropolis as he knew it in the 'thirties and 'forties. His earliest recollections, as

regards individuals, hang round Charles and Mary Lamb, the latter of whom once lodged in St. John's Wood with one of Mr. Hollingshead's aunts. Up to that time the youthful Hollingshead had known no celebrity but Calcraft, the hangman. At his aunt's he saw some more reputable "stars":—

"Visitors sometimes came in, and I was allowed to watch them from a corner. William Godwin, I thought, was rather prosy in his talk, and Tom

Hood did not give me the impression which his works afterwards created in my mind. Little Miss Kelly, the actress and artistic mother of Mrs. Keeley, had none of the modern stage tinsel about her; and Crabb Robinson had a trustee air, which he probably acquired by living in the Temple. These are only the hazy impressions of a poor ignorant boy, who had to use his eyes and ears, with little more than instinct to guide him."

In his account of the London of those days Mr. Hollingshead takes occasion to expose a fallacy which has had a somewhat long life. He is referring to "Pickwick" and Sam Weller, and says:—

"The writer was tempted to make his readers—the whole world—believe that the common people transposed their V's and W's, producing some such Whitechapel jargon and patois as, 'Vell, Villiam Vatts, vat is it?' and 'Werry good wittles, I wow!' I may be mistaken—we are all liable to error—but I went about the world with my eyes and ears open, and was a fairly observant boy—as observant, in a way, as the great writer who was afterwards to be my master—and I cannot remember such 'patter' being the common or vulgar tongue. The indiscriminate use of the W I admit—it exists at the present day; but the V—except in comic songs at the 'free and easies,' where it was accepted as the hall-mark of humour—I must beg respectfully to deny its general use."

Mr. Hollingshead was destined to make his first literary success in a periodical edited by Dickens. In his clerkship days he had written a little for Disraeli's "Press," and had done work in connection with Edmund Yates's "Train." Now, in his twenty-ninth year, he decided to "go in" for writing as a profession, and accordingly offered articles to the editor of "Household Words." They were accepted, and the connection became permanent.

Mr. Hollingshead's first meeting with Dickens was at a dinner given by the latter:—

"The party consisted of Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon, Mr. Wills, the Honourable Mr. Townshend, Charles Dickens, and myself. The master, dressed in a velvet smoking coat as part of his dress suit, received me in a very friendly manner, and made me a companion in five minutes. I noticed, as I thought then, a slight lisp, the deep lines on his face, almost furrows, and the keen twinkling glance of his eye. Our dinner was simple and good. The principal dish was a baked leg of mutton, the bone of which had been taken out, and the place supplied with oysters and veal stuffing. I always understood that this was an invention of Dickens, who, without being a gourmand, was fond of eating and drinking."

Thackeray was well known to our autobiographer. He says:—

"I never saw as much of Thackeray as I did of Dickens, but what I saw impressed me with his gentleness and charity. Far from being a cynic, he was more like a great good-natured schoolboy. He never spoke to me about his literary work, but he once alluded to his illustrations: 'I am not a first-class artist,' he said, 'that I know, but I'm not half as bad as those fellows, the wood-cutters, make me.' I saw him enjoying himself at Drury-lane, seeing a gunpowder piece by Boucicault, called 'The Siege of Lucknow,' which he could have criticised severely if he had felt so disposed; and on another day I was walking with him through the Industrial Exhibition of 1862 (with which I was officially and journalistically connected), when I noticed, or fancied I noticed, that he did not speak to Disraeli nor Disraeli to him, although they must have seen each other passing through the building."

In due time Mr. Hollingshead became dramatic critic to the "Daily News." He had always been a lover of the play, and readers will find in these pages many reminiscences of the old "penny gaffs" and "saloon theatres," of Robson, Fechter, "Jemmy" Rogers, and the early efforts of artists now at the top of the tree. Here is a good story of the production at Drury-lane of Fitzball's tragedy, "Nitocris":—

"The last scene was grand—up to a certain point. The waters of the Nile rose and engulfed the wicked monarch, and his equally wicked courtiers, while they were carousing at a wicked banquet. All the rare wines and luscious fruits and golden goblets were destroyed by the avenging flood—all but one poor, weak, solitary candle. The higher the water rose, the brighter this candle burnt, in defiance of the laws of nature, like a good deed in a naughty world. Soon a dusky form was seen crawling under the water towards this light, and a sound of something like a muttered curse was heard in the theatre. It was a property man, enraged at his obstinate 'property,' moving crab-like to destroy it!"

Elsewhere will be found the following estimate of Mr. Labouchere in his character of lessee and manager of the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre.

"As a manager he was not only an amateur, but a comic amateur. With his ample brains and money, if he had felt disposed, he could have made a great commercial success of the excellent playhouse in the coach-building market as he afterwards made of his newspaper 'Truth.' He did not feel disposed; he had treated diplomacy as a joke, and he treated theatrical speculation in the same spirit. The man who sent his tavern and 'seeing the world' bills in New York to the Foreign Office because Governments and departments are very fond of vouchers; the man who arrived two months late at St. Petersburg to join his Ambassa-

dor, and defended himself on the ground that he had walked all the way because the 'dispatch' said nothing about 'travelling expenses,' was not likely to treat the direction of a theatre very seriously. He gloried in stating the amount of the receipts, when they were excessively small, to humble the pride of certain members of his company. He said he used to placard these receipts in the green-room, to show the real 'drawing' power of his authors and artists. He went to America on business, and laughed at telegrams telling him the box-office results in London, when he was supposed to be making the amount a thousand times over by an hour's attendance in Wall Street."

Early in the 'sixties, Mr. Hollingshead, who had distinguished himself as an advocate for "free

trade in theatres," was invited to undertake the duties of stage-director at the Alhambra. This led to his becoming, in 1868, the lessee of the newly-built Gaiety Theatre, of which he retained the sole direction until 1885. Of this memorable management he tells the story in his second volume, which is of great interest to playgoers, embodying as it does a record of the results of remarkable boldness, energy, and good sense, as applied to theatrical affairs. The tale was well worth relating, and Mr. Hollingshead recounts it with a conciseness, an honesty, and a good humour which do him infinite credit.

"My Lifetime" is a work which will find many instructed and gratified readers. —*Globe*.



HOW "CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY" WAS PUBLISHED.

One of George Leybourne's favourite stories had to do with the publication of "Champagne Charley." Alf Lee, the pianist, and Leybourne went over the water from the Surrey side one day with two manuscripts, "Champagne Charley" and another. They offered the songs to various London publishers without success, and eventually approached Sheard's.

Their stock of ready money had in the meantime become reduced to a small matter of coppers. They prudently retained one penny to pay their return fare over Waterloo-bridge, spent the balance in liquid refreshment, and solemnly agreed, if Sheard did not buy the songs, to throw the unlucky manuscripts into the Thames.

But Sheard, when he heard the songs, seemed to like them, and asked that they might be played over again.

Then, he asked the price. "Twenty guineas," said Lee, boldly, seeing how the land lay, while Leybourne viciously kicked the other's shins, by

way of reproach for naming a prohibitive price, when so much depended on the bargain.

"Do you mean for the two?" said Sheard, with a woeful lack of diplomacy.

"No, each," said Lee.

"Hum," said the publisher, "play them again," and eventually handed over forty-two sovereigns. No doubt he got them back many times over—indeed, the copyright of "Champagne Charley" alone was eventually transferred to Hopwood & Crew for three hundred sovereigns.

Leybourne and Lee, the fortunate possessors of so much ready money, must needs amuse themselves.

Lee approached the toll-gate alone, laid down a sovereign, and received the change from the astounded official, who knew him well, but who was to be still more astonished when George Leybourne approached and played the same game. —*Era*.



SECOND-HAND "ORDERS" FOR SALE.

"You take it from me, dear boy, that there's a regular trade in 'briefs'" (free passes).

The speaker was a theatrical manager who had just given a stranger an order to "admit two" to see his play that night.

"Yes, a regular trade. That one will be sold. There are places in London, and the provinces as well, where 'orders' are bought and sold in considerable numbers. They get them off 'mummers' who are 'resting,' billmen, and so on. I know of cases of billmen never being paid in money for a

day's work; they are given four or five orders, which they sell on the best terms they can get. Then actors come and beg a 'brief' off you, and go straight away and sell it at some place, where it is re-sold in the usual way of business.

"Oh, all sorts of people buy them, and they fetch prices according to the popularity of the theatre.

"There are some queer games with 'briefs,'" continued the manager. "A fellow who came to England with a new show sent a man to give away

orders for the first performance: 'Admit lady and gentleman.' There was a dodge in this. If two gentlemen came with one of these 'briefs,' they were not admitted—not if one offered to pay; both must pay. If one came the result was just the same. 'The pass says: "Lady and gentleman."'

There was no end of a row, especially from those who had bought their pass from one of the boys. But a good many who presented passes paid rather than be disappointed—which, of course, was what had been calculated on."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.



PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 18.

The two quotations printed below have a remarkable similarity to each other, but are taken from very well-known and favourite works by two of the great masters.

Competitors are required to state the works from which they are taken, to give the composer's name in each case, and write out the complete phrases as they stand in the originals.

We offer a Prize of ONE GUINEA to the competitor who sends in the correct answer.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to or competitors will be disqualified:—

1. The coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than first post on Tuesday, August 13th*, the outside of the envelope marked "competition."

2. The competition is free to all who send in their replies attached to the accompanying coupon. Competitors may send in more than one answer if they choose, but a separate coupon must be used for each.

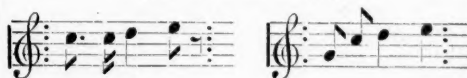
3. In the envelope must also be enclosed another sealed envelope bearing on the *outside* the motto chosen by the competitor (and which also appears on the coupon), and containing *inside* the name

and address of the competitor, but *not* the coupon.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the envelope first opened. The Editor's decision must in all cases be considered final.

Coupon No. 18.

(Please cut out neatly.)



Motto _____

NOTE.—Time values *only* are given above.

As our volume No. III commences in October, we intend announcing the result of this competition in September, and have in consequence to shorten the days of grace during which answers are received (see rule No. 1). No competition will be announced in September, but we hope to inaugurate our third birthday with one both novel and interesting.



SILENCE.—There is much which, however true, need not be spoken. It may do harm and not good; it may hurt the feelings, injure the reputation, or spoil the plans of someone. There can be no trust, no confidence, placed in one who has not the power of secrecy. There are times when silence, not speech, should have sway; and there are people from whom certain truths should be withheld. On the other hand, silence is often cowardly, and sometimes criminal. It can sometimes be made more effectual in conveying a false impression than even a positive untruth. It may be thought that this caution in speaking would crush out all spontaneity of utterance, and render conversation prosy and unsatisfactory. Doubtless, it would do so if the principles involved were accepted in a merely literal and mechanical manner. Indeed, there are many persons now whose consciences are

so warped by a literal idea of truth that they do not hesitate to create a false impression on the mind of another if they can do so by maintaining a verbal accuracy. They do not see that words are valueless except for their intended meaning, and that it is only the spirit of truth that contains the real truth, and the spirit of deception that makes the real lie.

A TOURIST, musing in a churchyard, seeing an old, man at work among the graves, said, "I suppose my man, you are one of the officials of this church?" "Ficials, sir? Why, lawk, I hardly know what I deu be! When Parson Wood come, he say I were the sextant; and then Parson Dean he come. When he axed for me, he said, 'Where's the beetle?' And now Mr. Goodwin be our parson, and he say I'm the wargin."

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.—Manners, not money, maketh the man. The real gentleman is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistake. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he becomes in possession of his neighbour's counsels he passes over them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He profanes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted—himself out of sight—nearest the partition, anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonour. He will eat honest bread. He will trample on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. In short,

whatever he judges honourable he practises towards every man.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.—Of all things in the world the heart and intentions of another person are the hardest to understand. When men look into their own secret natures and see the wonderful complexity of desire and motive and aim that reigns there, they cannot honestly declare that they understand themselves. But when they consider how much more hidden from their gaze is the mind of another—how many influences, of which they can know nothing, combine to make him what he is and to lead him to do as he does—how a different inheritance, different training, and different circumstances must make a nature different from their own—it seems the height of presumption and folly to attempt from their own standpoint to fathom or to expound it.

PATTI's triumph should be an answer to the theorists. She sings as all singers should sing, according to the old Italian method. The sooner our vocalists return to it the better for themselves and the public, especially the latter. No forcing notes produced, above all no *tremolo*, and a perfect and intelligent comprehension of the full meaning of every word—these are the principal rules which Patti had to learn as a girl, and which have brought her to the pinnacle of fame she has attained.—*National Observer*.

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